

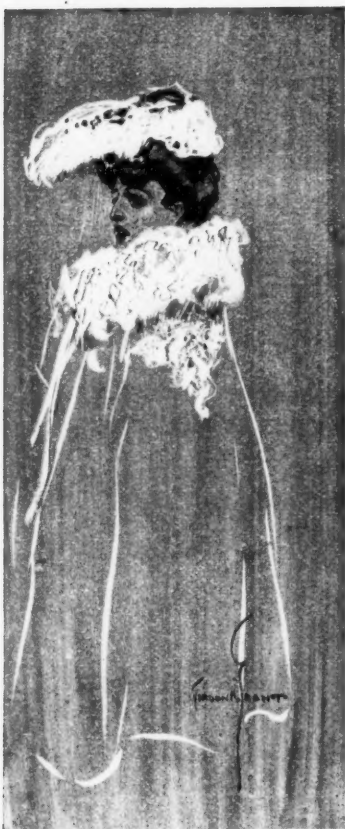
# Puck

Entered at N. Y. P. O. as Second-class Mail Matter.



## HOW IT HAPPENED.

MR. HAYSEDE.—I see by your advertisements that you're going to issue some more stock. What's that for?  
OIL PRESIDENT.—What for? Why, my good fellow, we've earned so much money in the past six months that we're obliged to have more stock to pay dividends on in order to get rid of it.



#### SHE.

HER EYES are neither black nor blue,  
Nor violet nor any hue  
Especial such as told in song,  
Nor are her lashes extra long;  
But, somehow, when you look 'way in  
You see things that you can't begin  
To put in print; and it occurs  
To you they're fine because—they're  
*hers!*

Her voice is hardly like a bird's—  
She uses regulation words.  
A rippling brook? Well, I don't know  
That ever I remarked it so.  
And yet there's something underneath,  
Elusive as the air we breath,  
In ev'ry syllable, that stirs  
A fellow's heart because—it's *hers!*

Her mouth is red; now, I suppose  
I ought to say it is a rose  
Just bursting from the bud—but that  
Sounds rather silly—yes, and flat.  
It's red, and sweet, and—Oh, I can  
No more describe it farther than  
I may her eyes, or voice; but, sirs,  
There's naught quite like it, for—it's  
*hers!*

Her smile? It dimples in and out—  
You catch the kind I mean, no  
doubt.

Her hair? 'T is darkish. I  
declare

I can't say more. It's— it's her hair!  
How large? She's not "divinely tall"—  
Nor yet is she what I style small.  
I can't make clear, but don't you see  
She—she's—well, hang it! she's just *she!*

Edwin L. Sabin.

#### A CIRCUMLOCUTORY DEFINITION.

"MY SMALL-SIZED nephew," said Uncle Timrod, in his customary raspish way, "who is in the Academy, and has progressed just about far enough along into etymology to be dangerous, figgered out, last night, to his own satisfaction, that the word 'diplomat' comes from the Latin *dip*, to dip or soak; *lo*, low or deep down; and *mat*, a household necessity, furniture, in fact—in other words, he imagines that a diplomat is one who is so low down, financially, that he has to soak, or pawn, his furniture to keep up the dignity of his position. All of which led me to say to myself, after I'd got through laughin', that great wisdom and phenomenal markmanship are sometimes vouchsafed to fools and children."

#### HIS VIEW.

MRS. BICKERS.—Why, the olive branch, of course, is the emblem of peace.

BICKERS.—Of course. I suppose orange blossoms are emblems of war.

#### REASON.

"You will have to be vaccinated every three months," declared the Board of Health.

"But," protested the citizen, "once in seven years was formerly thought often enough."

"True; but there are eight or ten times as many doctors graduated each year now as used to be graduated," explained the Board of Health, graciously, for it was under no compulsion to explain.

There is Reason in all things.

#### CAMPAIGN DAYS.

'T is now the politician's work  
From early in the morn,  
And some grasp labor's horny hand  
And some its handy horn.

FAME NEVER yet played a fanfare or delivered a wreath for good intentions.



#### NO TEMPTATION.

MRS. FARMER.—Would n't you like to do a little work just to see how it feels?

WEARY WILLY.—No, lady; de morbid and horrible hez no fascination fer me, wotever.





VERY SIMILAR.

"That bathing suit is quite a creation, isn't it?"  
 "Well, it's nearly a creation—made out of almost nothing!"

THE SCHEME.

"I AM INFORMED," said the canvasser, who, by dint of the perseverance characteristic of his tribe, had managed to secure an interview, "that you are a man of vast wealth."  
 "Oh! Got a few millions," said the capitalist. "How much do you want, and how do you propose to get it?"  
 "I'm coming to that," said the canvasser, pleasantly. "I am also informed that you have marriageable daughters."  
 "A few," said the capitalist. "But I want to say right now that you can't have any of them with my consent."  
 "Never thought of such a thing," protested the canvasser.



A STRONG ARGUMENT.

THE CENTIPEDE.—No, I don't agree with you. I think you are mistaken.  
 THE SPIDER.—Oh! What's the use of your continuing the argument. You know very well you have n't a leg left to stand on!

"But, of course, you are aware that these young ladies are in constant danger of marrying into the European nobility?"

"I lie awake nights worrying about it," replied the candid capitalist. "Can you suggest anything to prevent it?"

"Nothing, sir. But the company I represent can insure you against the pecuniary damages arising from such a deplorable event. You take out a policy and when the catastrophe happens you present the proper vouchers to us and we pay promptly and cheerfully. For your feelings as a man and a father we can supply no balm, but we can restore your bank account to its normal condition."

"It is n't a bad idea," said the capitalist. "I'll think it over and you may call in a day or two. Might be something doing."

"But why not to-day? My dear sir, life is uncertain. Only the present fleeting moment is ours. The future—who shall say? You may go home and find one of your daughters engaged to a nobleman—Alas! you may find them all engaged! Even now there may be six noblemen waiting to obtain Papa's consent to pay their liabilities. Is it not wise, is it not prudent, my dear sir, to insure NOW?"

Five minutes later the agent withdrew, a signed application in his pocket.

"You'll hear from us in a day or so," said he; "our financial examiner, meantime, will look you up in Bradstreets."

William E. McKenna.

THE LEISURE CLASS.

"I see Smith takes five minutes for lunch."  
 "Oh, yes! Smith has been out of active business for some little time, now."



A THEORY.

"What Tommy does n't know about fishing is n't worth knowing, is it?"  
 "No. I suppose that's because they don't teach it in school."

**If hate is ever banished from the world, this will knock the bottom out of social activities in the larger sense.**

WANTED:—A COLLEGE OF BURGLARY.



THE WRITER desires only multi-millionaires to read this article, which is a plea for the endowment and establishment of a Training School for Burglars. The trouble with the average socialist is that he does not go far enough. He is a theorist without the courage of his convictions. The author here proposes a practical application of these fundamental beliefs. The world suffers from an unequal distribution of wealth. A more equitable division is a desideratum. Let the earnest-minded socialist then live up to his principles by helping to bring about this more equable wealth distribution.

It is unfortunately true that the profession of burglary has hitherto suffered disparagement in the public mind. To admit one's self a burglar has been to lay one open to reproach. The calling has not been held on a parity with banking, plumbing, stock-wrecking, and the kindred professions. We do not believe that this is due to the intrinsic demerits of the profession itself so much as to adventitious circumstances and a certain mental warp in the public attitude toward it. Certainly it had not been publicly encouraged, though it is understood that the civic officials and police departments of the country have come to a more friendly attitude toward it and are giving it at last the chance which is its due. But such sporadic half-hearted endorsement will not materially aid the profession, which is at present very much run down at the heel.

To say the truth in a nutshell, what it needs is a thorough reorganization. With proper encouragement to an infant industry, burglary would become a recognized honorable profession, just as are the law, boodling, stock-raiding, keeping a drug-store, and being a city father.

It is perhaps unnecessary to point out that the burglar must be endowed in no usual degree with courage, coolness, *sang froid*, skill, patience, and a cheerful philosophic disposition. He must be possessed of imagination balanced by practical hard-headedness. The generalship that wins battles must be his, for he is pitted against the best brains of the twentieth century. Enterprise must be the motto



A MERE SUGGESTION.

"Boobleby seems uncomfortable in society."  
"Well, why don't he butt out? That's the way he got in."

of the Knight of the Jimmy. Not one man in a thousand has in him the necessary qualifications to make a successful burglar. The great safe-blower, like the major poet, must be born, not made. Yet, if burglars of genius are rare as Pierpont Morgans or De Wets, yet operators of talent might be produced in greater number than at



COMFORTING.

THE LITTLE ONE.—Look where she tore me dress!  
HER GRANDFATHER.—Whisht, now! Yer lucky to have wan av thim dresses that tearin' won't hur-rt!



# PUCK

present if due care were taken in their selection and education. Many a man living a humdrum life as a bank clerk or a newspaper editor might have been a shining light in the fascinating profession of the Jimmy had his early opportunities equaled his native capacity. The trouble is that at present the burglar grows up at haphazard, self-educated, not instilled with the proper principles of his profession. He takes no honest pride in the lifework he has selected. As a consequence educated men are deterred from entering it. They find other branches of spoliation safer and more attractive, the emoluments more certain, the hardships less severe.

The foundation of a College of Burglary would eliminate to a large extent the factors which deter ambitious and energetic young men from following this alluring profession. For one thing, it would engender a very desirable *esprit de corps*. Again, the students would be taught not only the merely mechanical and scientific aspects of the calling (which alone at present are learned, and these only in slovenly fashion), but would inculcate those great underlying principles which can lift the profession to the place which it ought to occupy. Eminent specialists would lecture on Wealth, its Production and Equitable Distribution, the Duty of the Jimmy Knight as related especially to its Distribution, Banks and their Methods of Protecting Depositors. The University idea would obtain, since the result to be achieved would be the all-around development of the pupils rather than any merely technical attainments. Chairs would be established in Banking, Stock Jobbing, Criminal Law, The Formation of Trusts, Ethics (considered both in relation to the Public and to the Profession) and Casuistry, as well as in Invention, Manual Training, Mineralogy, Destructive Explosives, etc.

With such a College in existence the public might confidently rely on the passing of the present unsatisfactory conditions. Inept students would be gradually eliminated from the College and found positions in the ordinary business pursuits more suited to their capacity. Householders would consequently be robbed with neatness, dispatch and efficiency. Their gold and valuables would be extracted without pain while they slept, and they need be under no apprehension lest any awkwardness on the part of the operators would disturb their slumbers. The Burglar's Union would bar from the profession all bunglers. In fact, a degree from the College of Burglary (B. B., Bachelor of Burglary) would be a *sine qua non* to practitioners.

That some multi-millionaire will awake to his opportunities and



## AT THE FARM HOUSE.

THE SUMMER BOARDER.—The old lady seems to be a motherly sort of person.

HER CHUM.—Yes. I suppose that helps to make the board worth nine dollars a week.

endow such a college is much to be desired. As a purely business investment in the interests of the public such an institution can not fail to commend itself to the large-hearted philanthropist.

## UNBLESSING.

The free cooking schools were not an unmixed blessing, as it proved.

With a smattering of domestic science, girls became filled with the idea that they could keep house.

The result was that they felt above writing books and making epochs.

Many were reminded of the old saying:

"A little learning is dangerous."

## MEDICAL.

"Give her this," said the doctor.

The man took the prescription and went away. But he was back the next day.

"What! Does she still imagine she's sick?" exclaimed the doctor.

"No; she knows it now," said the man.

## BOTH.

LITTLE REMINGTON.—Papa, are juleps better than cocktails, or cocktails better than juleps?

COLONEL CORKRIGHT.—Both, my son.



## AN ESTIMATE.

THE CADDY.—Gee! De score must be about four broke an' a couple more to play!

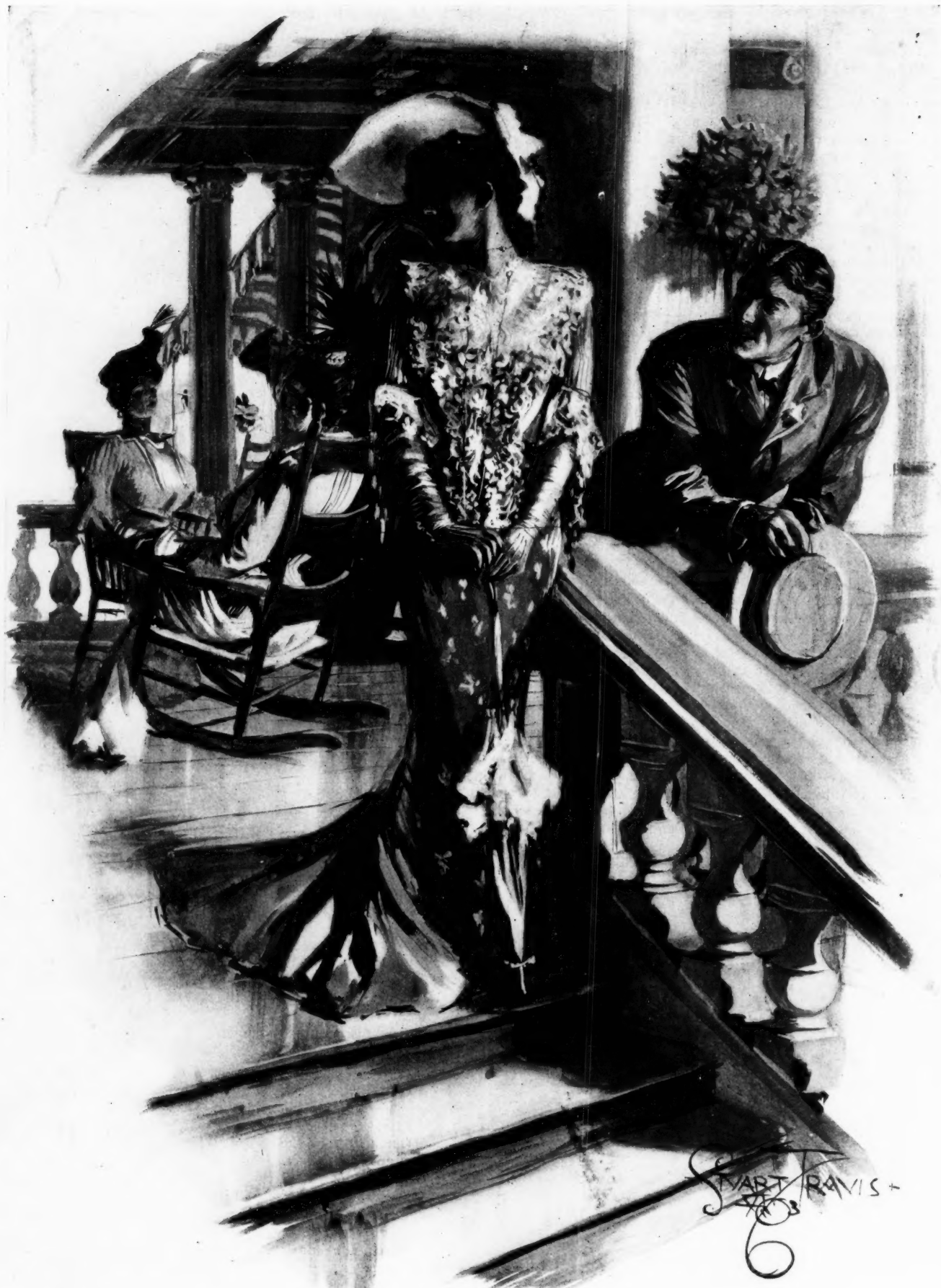


## HIS VIEW.

"I don't see vot for you vant a life breserver. Dere ain't no danger." "Veil, it relieves yer mind. It's like an insurance policy."

**B**ut the law is far from being so narrowly jealous a mistress as not to permit a lawyer to be stuck on himself.

PUCK



DUKES AND DUKES.

RALPH.—They are both duchesses?

MARIE.—Yes, but Mabel's duke cost her ten millions, while Bessie's cost only a million.

RALPH.—Poor Bessie!





## PUCK

### PUCK

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## CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

### REVISING GREAT BRITAIN.

GRIEVED, we think, is a proper word to apply to Mr. Chamberlain. Disappointed may well be another. Imbued with a lofty purpose, with a desire to secure for Britains all the advantages of Protection, he and his efforts have met with thankless opposition. What Mr. Chamberlain offered to his countrymen may not generally be appreciated. He chose to adapt to British conditions the whole of our American Tariff Scheme, omitting nothing and improving on it where practicable. Approving the Secretary's plan and substituting for "ruinous" Free Trade the policy of Protection, Great Britain would profit fabulously by the step. The fog in London would be raised. The mist from Scotland would be driven away. The historic Dover Cliffs would cease to crumble. The moorland wastes would bloom with richest produce. In short, all errors of climate and nature and time would be carefully corrected and Britain, set permanently on a millennial pedestal, would enter upon a new existence. Those who scoff rudely and openly doubt Protection's ability to accomplish these things have only to refer to its record in the United States. To refer is to believe. And any Republican guide book will fully furnish the reference. We have had good wheat crops and the farmers prospered. They owe their prosperity to Protection. We have had phenomenal corn crops and the growers reaped a double harvest. They may thank Protection for it. Under a lower tariff, such crops could not have been; nor cotton, nor sugar. Either the sun would not have shone, or the rain would not have descended. And ruin, naturally, would have engulfed the planters. Thus, if Protection in this country can regulate the growing of the grain, the shining of the sun and the supply of needed moisture, it will be comparatively a simple task for it to reorganize nature in the British Isles, to say nothing of the numerous colonies. The chief beauty of Protection is that it controls so many things which are in no wise related to it. To be convinced of this, Mr. Chamberlain's opponents need read no further than the Ohio platform and Senator Hanna's immortal speech in its behalf. Clippings of both may be seen at this office.

### TRUSTS AND TRUSTS.

THE LABOR TRUST is nothing new. Though unincorporated, it exists as plainly as the commercial combination. And it is a favorite plea of those who defend the Labor Trust's war upon independent workers that in attacking the independents, the Labor Trust is, doing no more than its commercial counterparts. The Labor Trust attacks independent or individual producers because the latter interfere with the completion of a monopoly. That, says the defence, is precisely what commercial trusts do. Therefore, on such grounds to condemn Organized Labor is the height of prejudiced injustice. And there the defence rests. It never compares the methods of the Labor Trust with those of the commercial or industrial body. If it did, the comparison might suffer. Commercial trusts, when warring on an independent, either buy him out or settle near him and sell the same or better goods for less than the independent can afford to accept. The Labor Trust, on the contrary, bluntly *knocks* him out with physical force. No one ever heard the Labor Trust offering its product for less than an independent competitor could afford to take. No one ever saw it bid for public patronage on the strength of its superior

goods. In fact, no one expects the Labor Trust to make these moves because, making them, it would violate its own axiom, more pay for less work. But the matter is not pressing. It is mentioned merely for the benefit of parallel draughtsmen, to whose sense of logic it is hereby dedicated.

### WITHOUT GLOVES OR LIMIT.

A GENTLEMAN from India, Mirza Ghulam Ahmad by name, would arrange a praying match with Chicago's Doctor Dowie. Convinced that he is "the promised Messiah," Mr. M. G. Ahmad wants no rivals and Doctor Dowie, who modestly styles himself Elijah II, he clearly regards as a formidable competitor. Hence the challenge. Brother Ahmad suggests that he and Doctor Dowie engage simultaneously in prayer, that one to perish first who is branded an imposter and a liar. Unseen hands are to do the branding and, writes Brother Ahmad, "I will pray him to death to settle the question." At this writing, the challenge is still ignored, but it is very evident that Mirza Ghulam means business. He will be foiled by no platitude, such as "go and get a reputation." And he intends, apparently, that Doctor Dowie shall defend his title with his life. If it comes to signing articles and selecting a referee, the principals will not lack flattering offers. But if they are worldly wise, they will be in no hurry about clinching arrangements, for a novel bout such as they propose to appear in should command a very tidy purse in sporting days like these. Since boxing was abolished in the Metropolis, scores of promoters have been seeking remunerative substitutes and rather than let Dowie and Ahmad slip through their fingers and "go on" at Bridgeport or Carson City, they would doubtless part with half the gate receipts and put up side money as well. It is hoped, for the sake of all hands, that Brother Ahmad will soon post a forfeit.



### AN EASY BOSS.

"I think I 'm not hard to get along with."

"Faith, nayther am I, Mum! Whin a mistress is doin' her best, 't is mesilf thot overlooks lots av things!"



WILL THE LION ALLOW HIMSELF TO





J. OTTMANN LITH CO. PUCK BLDG. N.Y.

MYSELF TO BE SHORN OF HIS STRENGTH?

# PUCK

## THE SEASON'S TEMPTRESS.

THE SUMMER 's here, and chaps who pray  
A respite from the city's heat,  
Have sought the seashore's cooling spray,  
Or Adirondacks high retreat.  
Each one has told himself the air,  
And sport, or rest, hath coaxed him there.



One writes: "I spied this hostel out,  
That nestles 'mong the mountain pines,  
To while away my time with trout." —  
He did take rod and reel and lines!  
But I 'd be willing quiet to swear  
Some Summer girl hath lured him there.

Another writes: "I thought to slip  
Away where care and ennui ends,  
So joined Jack on this yachting trip; \* \* \*  
His wife 's along and several friends."  
That tells the tale. A friend! — and fair? —  
Some Summer girl enticed him there.

Another note bears Newport date,  
And says: "My trip I 'd not have missed  
For anything — the bathing 's great!  
You know I can't the sea resist!" —  
But, ah! young fellow, have a care,  
Some Summer girl 't was led you there!

Oh, lofty mount! Oh, pine-girt lakes!  
Oh, breadth of beach, and ocean blue!  
Whenever man an outing takes  
He likes to lay the blame on you.  
But yours is not the tempting snare, —  
Some Summer girl decoys him there.

Roy Farrell Greene.



## A REFLECTION ON THE ANGLER.

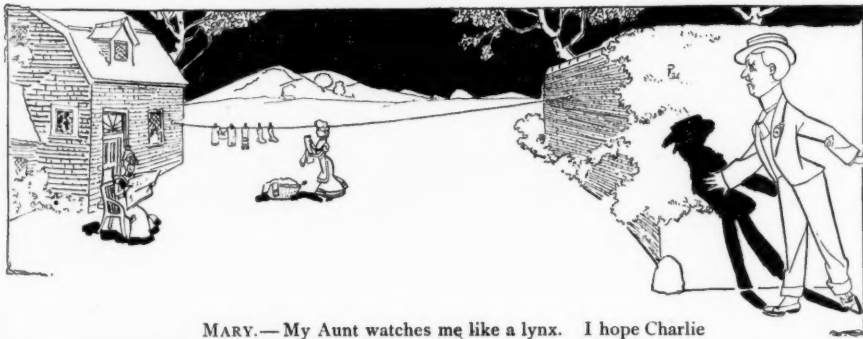
"I s'posed it might be the first time you went trout fishin'."  
"Of course it is n't!"  
"Well, I did n't know. With some folks it 's a long spell before  
it don't look like the fust time."

## TOO SLOW.

"Got an opening for  
a reporter?"  
"Where were you  
last?"  
"I used to be the  
Recording Angel."  
"No. You could n't  
get news quickly  
enough for an up-to-  
date newspaper."

IT DOES seem, at  
times, that our trou-  
bles are a great credit  
to us.

## A LINE FROM MARY.

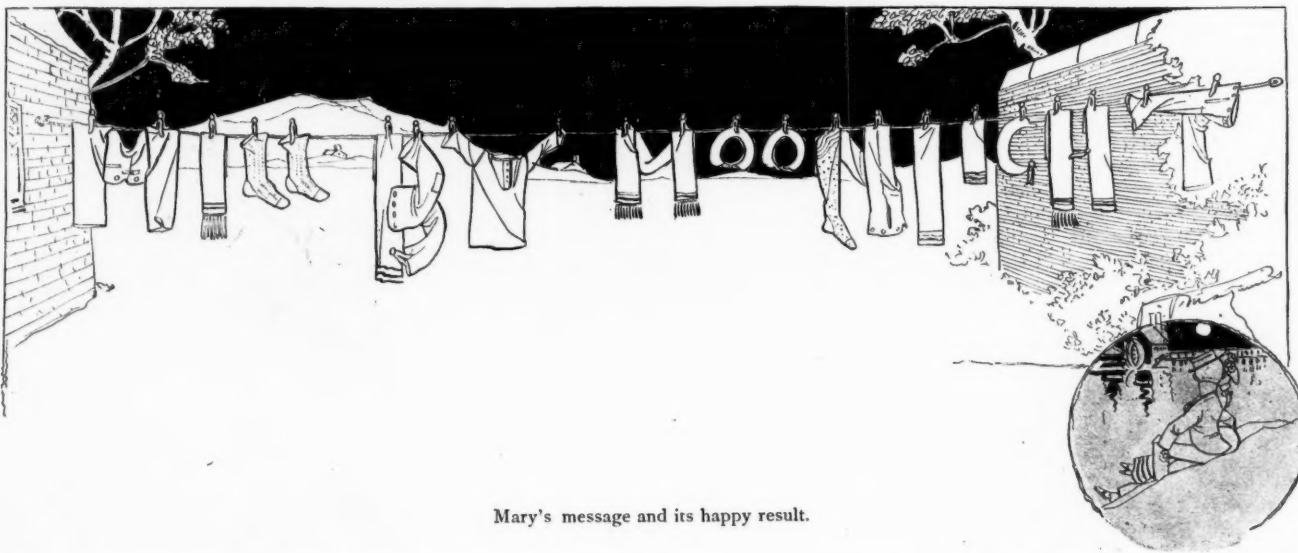


MARY. — My Aunt watches me like a lynx. I hope Charlie  
will be able to read my message.

## SIDES.

Democritus, the  
laughing philosopher,  
being reproached with  
the onesidedness of his  
character, is said to  
have replied, merrily:  
"Well, a man natu-  
rally can't shake his sides  
and have 'em, too!"

BETTING is a fool's  
argument, but it is  
too concise a form of  
disputation to suit  
some fools.



Mary's message and its happy result.

**So few of us are rich enough to be financiers or kleptomaniacs that honesty still remains the best policy, generally speaking.**



## USEFUL HINTS

Under this heading will be given valuable information for those in every walk of life.

### HOW TO MAKE AN AUTOMOBILE.

**C**UT ABOUT fourteen feet of good hard stove-pipe and hammer it out flat. Then roll it into a cornucopia with an extreme diameter of three feet. Now you have your ram. Obtain from your plumber a storage battery, your furniture dealer a leather chair and your carriage man a set of wheels. Put the whole together with iron bands, and arming yourself with several thousand dollars to pay fines start out on your travels.

### A NEAT DEVICE TO HOLD SUNDAY NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS.

Order from your iron-monger twenty-six corrugated houses, one for each letter in the alphabet. Having lettered them, place them on their sides, in five rows, one on top of the other, and you are now ready for business. When the Sunday papers come get your buck-saw and cut out the items to be saved. Do not attempt to cut through the humorous pages, but put them in one of the bottom rows, as their weight might crush in the first floor. By putting on a tin roof, your cabinet will be preserved from the rain. You will find that this arrangement, provided that you exercise care in your selections, will last several weeks.

### AN UP-TO-DATE HOSPITAL AMBULANCE—FOR USE IN CITIES.

For this purpose, all you need is a second-hand prairie wagon, and a dozen or so gongs, each about three feet in diameter. Put the gongs in a row, so they will be just underneath the patient's head. Have a tread board attached to each gong and connected with the electric battery. For springs use any good springs from a seaside resort. Clang the gongs constantly and jounce the patients up and down while going to the hospital. They are so used to this treatment in the cars, that if used more gently, they might not recover. The ambulance doctors will do the rest.

### HOW TO MAKE A TENDERLOIN.

Secure a popular and sensational preacher and get him to advertise the idea. Then select a fashionable district, and get the "400" to enter it. To do this, put up a large hotel, and charge such high prices that no one but millionaires can afford to live there. This in itself is the making of a tenderloin. Send agents abroad, or go abroad yourself and become a naturalized Englishman. This will give your tenderloin the necessary *éclat*. Arrange with a circle of brokers to make your hotel their headquarters, and all the talent will flow in. Once having your tenderloin established, you can rest on your laurels. It will be kept going by the society columns.

### HOW TO BUILD A YACHT.

Secure a strip of lead eighty feet long, eight feet deep and two inches wide. Then get an aluminum bath-tub of the same length and put the lead at the bottom. Now get two pine trees, each about a mile long, one for the mast and the other for the jib-boom. Order from a sailmaker say three hundred acres of waterproof balbriggan and cut to fit. Now join the New York Yacht Club, and if you can not possibly get in, write a book explaining just why. Your yacht is now complete and ready for any emergency. If, however, you find that in any way whatever, it is at all useful, you have made a mistake and may not win the cup. Remember that your entire success depends upon how utterly useless you can make your boat.

### A FINE EXPENSE ACCOUNT.

Obtain from any good residence quarter a good wife with a kind disposition and extravagant tastes. Secure a small apartment and live in it a year or so, and then get a larger one. Mix in furniture unceasingly and buy beds until the habit is fixed. Gradually increase your stock of servants, and add horses to suit. Now add a couple of fine children to the whole, and secure nurses enough to go around. It will now be time to hire a house, and having moved into it, start all over again. Throw in a few dressmakers, milliners, drygoods men, jewelers, carriage makers, etc. If by this time your expense account is not fine enough for you, do not despair. Go and consult a specialist. T. M.



### WORKING BACKWARDS.

THE MONK.—Look here! If the Rhinoceros is going to play foot-ball he should be made to wear a nose-guard.  
THE GIRAFFE.—To protect his nose?  
THE MONK.—No,—to protect us



### A PREFERENCE.

"Are you going to take a vacation this Summer?"  
"I suppose I'll have to," answered Mr. Cumrox, "although I must say, I'd like to put in one Summer simply attending to business and resting up." — *Washington Star*.

### WHEN POKER ENTICES.

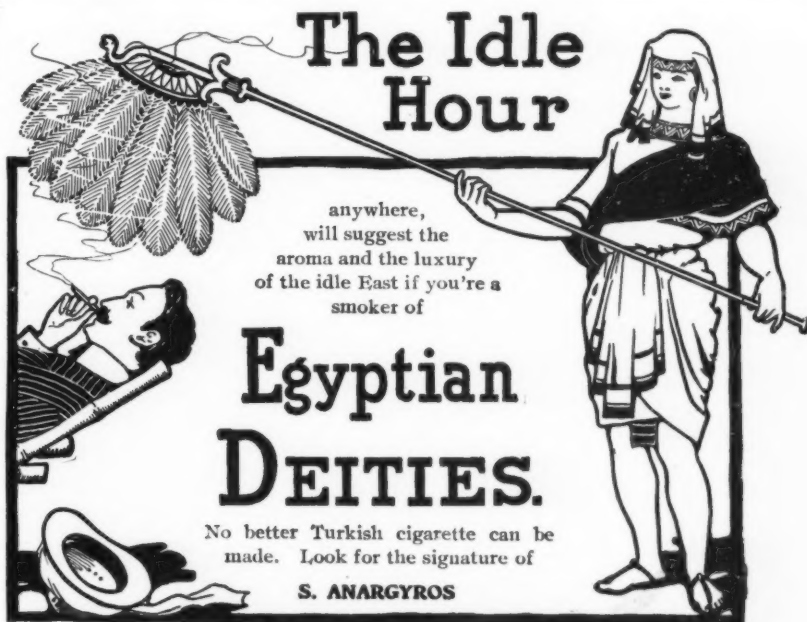
"I see there's a prominent physician," said Reeder, "who declares you should n't get into bed with your feet cold."  
"Huh! Some nights I would n't get into bed at all," remarked Jackson Sevens, "if I did n't get cold feet." — *Catholic Standard and Times*.

### NOTHING NEW.

"Gents," said the clerk of the Summer hotel, "you're making too much noise. Mr. Longhare, the author, is in the next room, and he says he can't write."  
"That so?" replied one of the roisterers. "Tell him everybody knows that." — *Philadelphia Press*.

### A PROFOUND IMPRESSION.

"I shall never forget the night I first heard Carmen," said Miss Flimkins.  
"Ah, yes," answered the musical young man, "who could forget Carmen! What is your most vivid recollection of that glorious occasion?"  
"One of the stories Harry Junebug told. It was the funniest box party I ever attended." — *Washington Star*.



"THE SOHMER" HEADS THE  
LIST OF THE HIGHEST  
GRADE PIANOS.

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Sohmer Building, Only Salesroom  
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York.

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Press.*

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Imported from Trinidad B.W.I.

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A. SANTARELLA & CO., Makers, TAMPA, Fla.  
Sold by First-Class Dealers Everywhere.

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Reduced Rates to Mt. Gretna via Penn-  
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For the Pennsylvania Chautauqua, to be  
held at Mt. Gretna, Pa., July 1 to August 5,  
1903, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company  
will sell special excursion tickets from New  
York, Philadelphia, Chestnut Hill, Phoenix-  
ville, Wilmington, Perryville, Frederick,  
Md., Washington, D. C., East Liberty, But-  
ler, Indiana, Connellsville, Bedford, Clear-  
field, Martinsburg, Bellefonte, Waterford,  
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Carmel, Lykens, and principal intermediate  
points, to Mt. Gretna and return, at reduced  
rates. Tickets will be sold June 25 to  
August 5, inclusive, and will be good to  
return until August 13, inclusive. For speci-  
fic rates, consult ticket agents.



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Insist that your barber uses Mennen's  
Toilet Powder after he shaves you. It is  
Antiseptic, and will PREVENT any of the  
many skin diseases often contracted.  
A positive relief for PRICKLY HEAT,  
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That's All!

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AN EPICURE.

"Don't you want to go back to Africa?"

"No, suh," answered Mr. Erastus Pinkley. "I did favor de projeck till  
I took up de study of natural history. I finds dat while ostriches is a heap  
bigger dan chickens, dey is n' nigh as good to eat." — *Washington Star.*

TWO QUESTIONS.

OLD McGRUMPPS.—Do you suppose that I am going to allow my  
daughter to marry a man as poor as you are?

YOUNG MCGALL.—Do you suppose that any rich man would marry a girl  
as homely as she is? — *New York Weekly.*

MANAGER.—So, my little man, you want to be a messenger boy?

SMALL APPLICANT.—Yessir.

MANAGER.—Let me see. Can you write?

LITTLE APPLICANT.—Nosir; but I kin bite me name in a piece of pie. —  
*Yonkers Statesman.*



HIS TESTIMONY.

THE OSTRICH.—I suppose it's injurious to jump the rope too much.

THE SNAKE.—Well, I know it's awful hard on the rope!

You can face the work of life with a new determi-  
nation when you feel full of energy. Abbott's, the  
Original Angostura Bitters create energy.

UNCLE REUBEN SAYS:

Dar's a good deal in argyment, but it can also be oberdone. As long as  
Uncle Moses believed in sulphur an brimstone he let my cabbages strictly  
alone. When I had argyed him into believin' dat no sich place existed he  
cleaned out my truck-patch in one-night. — *Detroit Free Press.*

WELL EQUIPPED.

"He's thinking of branching out as a theatrical manager this Winter."

"I did n't suppose he was fitted for that sort of thing."

"Oh, yes! A relative of his who died recently left him a fur-lined over-  
coat." — *Philadelphia Press.*

PRIDE.

"How was Ethelinda's graduation essay?"

"Beautiful," answered the proud mother. "We spared no expense in  
ribbons to bind it, and I have no hesitation in saying it was the most becoming  
essay in the class." — *Washington Star.*

A COLORED brother who "got religion" in southwest Georgia, is in trouble.  
He "went into a trance, for six days and nights," and woke up with three  
mules that did n't belong to him. — *Atlanta Constitution.*

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Rye**  
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FIRST VISITOR.—Yes, I gave him another month on his promisory note for 90 days, and the ungrateful fellow skipped out.

SECOND VISITOR.—Your musical education should guide you better than that. Don't you know you should never hold a quarter note.—*Baltimore News.*

### COMMENCEMENT NOTE.

"Yes, sir, Billy spoke one hour in Greek, an' 'nuther hour in Latin!"

"An' what wuz the old man doin' all that time?"

"Sweatin' in dialèct!" — *Atlanta Constitution.*

## BOKER'S BITTERS

Antidyspeptic. A tonic, an appetizer and a delicacy in mixed drinks.



### IN DOUBT.

HIS WIFE'S MOTHER.—You must not think I want to quarrel —

HE.—Oh! I did n't know whether you wanted to quarrel or whether you'd rather have your own way without quarreling.

Inactive liver, depressed spirits—make both right with Abbott's—the Original Angostura Bitters. The genuine Abbott's will revolutionize the system.

Let every good fellow now fill up his glass and let the vintage be Cool's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne.

### HENRIETTA'S CONCESSION.

"I have been reading about some of the great men," said Mrs. Meekton.

And Leonidas looked at her with joy in his eyes and exclaimed:

"Then you concede that such things have been." — *Washington Star.*

WE have found that, as a rule, when a girl enters this office looking like a princess, it is to advertise a cow for sale. — *Atchison Globe.*

### FALLING INTO STEP.

"How perfectly the girl graduates keep step."

"Yes, the orchestra is playing the wedding music from 'Lohengrin.'" — *Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

"You did not seem to be bubbling over with your usual spirit, last night, at the dinner," remarked the claret glass.

"No," replied the champagne glass; "I was placed directly in front of a temperance gentleman, and he turned me down." — *Yonkers Statesman.*

### CHROMOS.

BELCHER.—What was the use in showing Nuritch through your art gallery? He could n't appreciate your paintings.

KULCHER.—Well, he seemed interested and surprised.

BELCHER.—Really? And what did he say?

KULCHER.—Gee! what a lot of 'em you've got. You must 'a' bought an awful lot o' tea in your time.—*Philadelphia Press.*

### HIS FAVORITE FOOD.

"I have often wondered," said the seeker after knowledge, "why the elephant stands for the Republican party."

"Oh!" replied the rabid Democrat, "it's natural for the elephant to stand for it because there are so many peanut politicians in that party." — *Catholic Standard and Times.*

### BUSY DAYS.

"Don't you think that a man ought to study political economy before he undertakes the responsibilities of a government office?"

"Not before," answered Senator Sorghum. "If he puts in his time that way, somebody is going to steal a march on him sure. After he is elected he can put in his leisure time studying political economy or playing golf, or doing anything else that may please him." — *Washington Star.*



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The factory whistle lifts its note,  
There from its broad and grimy throat.  
It sings, for those who understand,  
The finest anthem in the land.

—*Washington Star*.

#### THE TROUBLE WITH HIM.

"Well, suh," said Brother Dickey,  
"I 'fraid Br'er Jinkins will never git  
along in de worl'!"

"Why—what de matter with him?"

"Only dis: He skeered er thunder,  
en he can't dodge lightnin'!"—*Atlanta Constitution*.

#### INEQUITABLE.

"Fame is guilty of many injustices,"  
remarked Colonel Stilwell. "We are  
constantly talking about the electric  
light and the telephone, while the  
geniuses who discovered the corkscrew  
and the lemon-squeezer sleep unre-  
warded and unglorified."—*Washington Star*.

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#### CAUGHT AT IT.

He hoped to win with "aces up,"  
But he could not deceive  
The dealer, who had seen him put  
Those aces up—his sleeve.

—*Philadelphia Press*.

#### A DOUBTFUL COMPLAINT.

"I want to retain you in my coming  
lawsuit."

"I've been retained on the other  
side."

"All right. That's still better."—  
*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

#### A FORTUNATE SELECTION.

MOTHER.—What are all these sense-  
less trinkets for?

PRETTY DAUGHTER.—They are for  
the grab-bag at the church fair.

"Mercy! There is not one thing  
that any human being could want."

"Yes, is n't it fortunate? Everybody  
who draws a prize will put it back in  
the bag."—*New York Weekly*.

## For Sale: Puck's Originals



IN response to the many requests for original drawings of pictures that have appeared in PUCK, the publishers are now selling them to persons wishing them to use for decorative purposes. These drawings by PUCK'S artists are in various methods,—pen and ink, "wash," crayon, pencil, etc. The original drawing is from three to four times as large as the printed reproduction.

PUCK has a large selection of these drawings by his staff artists framed and on exhibition in his own art gallery, Puck Building, Houston and Elm Streets, where you are cordially invited to inspect them at any time.

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#### A SERIOUS AFFAIR.

"You say that French editor was wounded in a duel?"  
 "Yes. Just as he was turning to fire his foot slipped and he sprained his ankle."—*Washington Star*.

#### UNCLE REUBEN SAYS:

"Now an' den I h'ar a man declarin' dat life am a failure, or axin' if life am wuth de libin'. In sich cases I allus figger dat he 's found he can't borry any mo' money, or dat his father-in-law has axed him to go out an' airn his own board."—*Detroit Free Press*.

#### UNPOPULAR STATESMAN.

WINKERS.—Why is it that women always dislike a prominent man who is an old bachelor?"

BINKERS.—Because they can't say that he would never have amounted to anything if it had not been for his wife.—*New York Weekly*.

#### NO HERESY.

"Did I understand you to say," demanded the Christian Scientist of his son, "that you do not believe in the doctrines of Christian Science?"

"Oh, no, sir! I do believe in them," replied the dutiful son. "I merely remarked that I did not understand them."—*Catholic Standard and Times*.

#### TWO OF A KIND.

"I'm awful glad I've saw you," said the delightful young chambermaid to the great pianist. "I got a brother w'at's a musician, too."

"Ah!" replied the great man, with polite interest, "I am delight to meet ze sistaire of—er—how shall I say?"

"Chimmie Durkin; he 's de bass drum in de 'John J. McGettigan Fife an' Drum Corps.'"—*Philadelphia Press*.

#### A FINAL DISPOSITION OF THE CASE.

"Who is that man back there asking for a postponement?" inquired St. Peter as the candidates crowded around him.

"That's Swearmoff, the famous criminal lawyer," replied the first assistant.

"We'll grant him a change of venue," said the saint, grimly.

A moment later the dial on the automatic gate of the chute registered another passenger.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

"THEY say Cholly can't drink even a glass of beer without losing his head."

"He can't. Why, the other night at dinner someone spilled some claret on his napkin and he got intoxicated by absorption."—*Baltimore News*.

FIRST SCOT.—Wot sort o' minister hae ye gotten, Geordie?

SECOND SCOT.—Oh, weel, he 's muckle worth. We seldom get a glint o' him; six days o' th' week he 's envees'ble, and on th' seventh he 's incomprehens'ble.—*Ram's Horn*.

A VERY pompous woman attempted to leave a car while it was in motion, and the little conductor detained her with the usual—

"Wait until the c-a-a-r sthops, ledly!"

"Don't you address me as 'lady, sir!'" she said, haughtily.

"I beg your pardon, Ma'am, but we are all liable to mek mistakes," was the immediate reply.—*Lippincott's Magazine*.

SOME folks think it is a sign of importance to kick on the service at a hotel.—*Washington Democrat*.

SOPH.—That was the cleanest game of ball I ever saw.

JUNIOR.—What game?

SOPH.—Why, the water polo match, of course.—*Columbia Jester*.

"WHENEVAH Ah sees er man pastin' up circus signs," said Charcoal Eph, as he passed his plate for more chicken, "Ah jess natchully cyarn't he'p thinkin' how rich he 'd git ef he lied daterway on his own account, Mistah Jackson."—*Baltimore News*.

"THAT bank clerk would n't give me the money. He said I had to identify myself."

"Did you?"

"I could n't. None of my linen is marked except my handkerchiefs, and I'd forgotten to bring one with me."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.



#### PREFERRED TO BE DRY.

HE.—Doncherknow, you remind me of Venus rising from the sea.

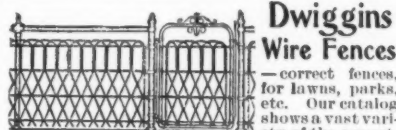
SHE.—Nonsense, Cholly! If I were as wet as Venus rising from the sea I'd look a perfect fright!



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THE MATRON.—She married in haste, you know.

JUST SEVENTEEN.—Oh, no, she did n't. It was white crepe de chine.—*Yonkers Herald*.

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### HARD TO FOLLOW.

"Has the sultan abdicated?"

"How should we know?" responded the Turkish official. "He is occupying one of his secret rooms somewhere in disguise. He might abdicate a dozen times a week without our knowing anything about it."—*Washington Star*.

### NOTHING MORE DOING.

THE MISTRESS.—How long were you in your last place?

COOK.—Three weeks, Ma'am.

THE MISTRESS.—And why did you leave?

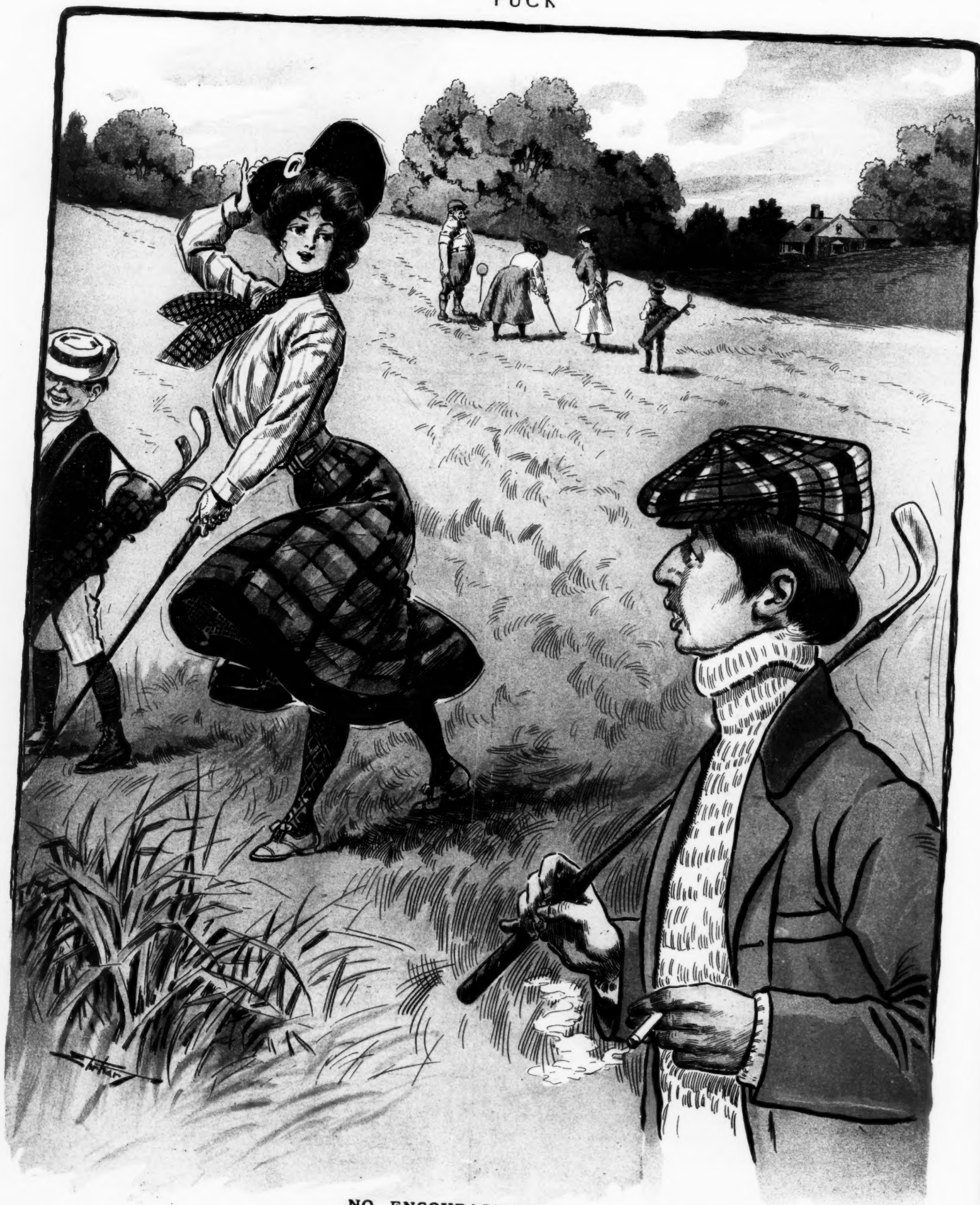
COOK.—Sure, Ma'am, all the dishes were gone.—*Detroit Free Press*.

MRS. KNOX.—Vulgar habit Mr. Neerbye has. He's forever saying "Gad!"

MR. KNOX.—And then there's his wife's habit. She's forever doing it.—*Philadelphia Press*.

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**NO ENCOURAGEMENT.**

HE. — If you did n't play golf it would n't have any attraction for me.  
SHE. — Dear me! Now, do you know I like golf for itself alone.